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A

ROMANCE IN SONG



ILLUSTRATED BY



FAMOUS ARTISTS

48543

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To the Library of
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from

The Translator.

Nov. 24, 1884.



THE

WALL STREET

Illustrated

BOSTON

W. P. AND COMPANY

111 NASSAU ST. N. Y. C.



A

ROMANCE IN SONG

Heine's HEINE'S LYRICAL INTERLUDE

TRANSLATED BY

FRANKLIN JOHNSON

Illustrated

BOSTON

D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

1871

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1884. Nov. 24,

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 The Translator.

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P R E F A C E.

IN 1823 Heine published a volume containing two tragedies, *Almansor* and *Ratcliff*, and, between them, the present collection of poems. He called these songs a *Lyrical Interlude*, a name perhaps designed to suggest not merely their position in the book, but also the inferior esteem in which, at the time, he held them, as the slighter products of his genius. Nevertheless, they have given him a fame which must last as long as youth and love and disappointment exist in the world; while the plays, which he regarded as worthy of more serious appreciation, have passed into oblivion.

The *Lyrical Interlude* possesses the charm of the highest lyrical poetry. But it possesses also an interest of a different kind. In its verses the author has recorded his version of his unfortunate engagement to his cousin, *Amalie Heine*, who broke her vows and married another man. It is impossible to gather from these pages her motive in dismissing him: various reasons are assigned, and possibly all of them had their weight. But while the songs are worth little as

a record of external facts, they are fascinating as a revelation of a sensitive nature in the delights of youthful love, in the torment of doubt and estrangement, and in the despair and yearning which follow rejection.

The book has a definite plan. The single stanza at the beginning asserts that the whole collection is a record of the author's experience. The earnest tone of these lines is at once abandoned in the prologue, which is a humorous sketch of the affair between the cousins. The first eleven of the songs celebrate the joys of love, with occasional notes of pain, like those of the fourth and fifth. The following four are disturbed with suspicions thinly veiled in playful forms of speech. This group is succeeded by another of four members, beginning with the engagement, and closing with the marriage of the woman to another man. The rest are poems of accusation, mockery, yearning, wit, tenderness, desolation, and despair, so intermingled that the reader is never detained in any one mood long enough to grow weary of it. Some of these fall into companies, like the fifty-eighth, fifty-ninth, and sixtieth, which relate to suicide. There are a few that yield their meaning only after a little study, as, for example, the thirty-first, which expresses in an exquisite manner the longing of every man

for the companionship of one woman; the fifty-first, which brings before us the three weird sisters of the northern mythology; the fifty-fifth, in which sadness is represented by an assemblage of images of desolation; the fifty-sixth, in which the vast castle is this world, and the doubtful meeting with the loved one a scene from eternity; or, finally, the fifty-eighth, which presents two views of suicide, that of horror, and that of compassion and hope.

I have rendered these songs into English as a means of recreation in the intervals of serious work. I could have made my version more nearly literal, but I remembered that Dryden long ago cautioned the translator against the danger of losing the spirit of his author in his chase after the body. I know very well that I have often failed to transfer the subtler graces of Heine to my own tongue; yet it is not improper for me to say that I have sought always to keep before me the felicity of his language, the delicacy of his fancy, the high finish of the miniatures which he paints, the smoothness and melody of his lines, his simplicity, his ardor, his pathos, and his humor.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Oct. 8, 1884.

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With my anguish and my yearn-
ing
I have filled the book thou hold-
est;
And, whilst thou the leaves art
turning,
Know that thou my heart un-
foldest.

PROLOGUE.

THERE ONCE WAS A SILENT AND SORROWFUL KNIGHT.

Es war mal ein Ritter, trübselig und stumm.

THERE once was a silent and sorrowful knight,
Whose pale cheeks were gaunt with deep hollows;
He tottered, far-gazing, with nothing in sight,
As one who some vain vision follows;
So stupid he was, and so clumsy and queer,
That the flowers and the girls, when they saw him appear,
Broke out into laughter around him.

And oft would he sit in his dim little room,
Afar from the cruel world staying,
And stretch forth with longing his arms through the gloom,
But never a syllable saying.
And once, while at midnight thus reaching about,
There came a weird singing and ringing without,
And he heard at his door a strange knocking.

Then in swept a fairy who loved the dull knight,
Her robes of the sea-foam, long-flowing,
Her wide veil with many a diamond bright,
Her face like a ruddy rose glowing,
Her golden hair falling in waves to her feet:
A moment their eyes met, with rapture replete,
When they flung their fond arms round each other.

She held the knight fast in a tender embrace,
Till his heart beat and beat like a hammer;
The dreamer aroused, and grew red in the face,
The timid forgot how to stammer;
And while he knew naught but his blissful surprise,
The fairy cast cunningly over his eyes
Her magical veil bright with jewels.

To a crystalline palace of water the knight
By spells of enchantment was carried,
And stared in wild wonder, half-blinded with light,
While long in its splendor he tarried.
The fairy caressed him, her joy and her pride,
And he was the bridegroom and she was the bride,
While her maidens played sweetly the zither.

The strains which they made were so soft and so glad,
And their dances so graceful and airy,
That the knight almost lost what poor senses he had,
And knew but to cling to the fairy:—
When lo, all the lights were put out at a stroke,
And the knight from his bliss and his glory awoke,
At home, in his dim poet's chamber.



LYRICAL INTERLUDE.

I.

'T WAS IN THE WONDROUS MONTH OF MAY.

Im Wunderhohen Monat Mai.

'T WAS in the wondrous month of May,
When buds were bursting round me,
That first love stole upon my soul,
And in its meshes bound me.

'Twas in the wondrous month of May,
When birds sang sweet above me,
That first, grown bold, my pain I told,
And heard her vows to love me.





II.

WHERE FELL MY TEARS OF SORROW.

Aus meinen Thränen sprießen.

WHERE fell my tears of sorrow
All flowers of beauty spring,
And for the sighs I uttered
Are nightingales that sing.

Since thou dost love me, dear one,
The flowers to thee I bring,
And ever by thy window
The nightingales shall sing.

III.

THE SUN, THE DOVE, THE LILY, THE ROSE.

Die Rose, die Lilje, die Taube, die Sonne.

THE sun, the dove, the lily, the rose,
I loved with a joy that no words can disclose;
But I love now more dearly a maiden the rarest:
The pretty, the witty, the fondest, the fairest,
Whose graces and goodness no words can disclose,
Is my sun, my dove, my lily, my rose.

IV.

WHEN I BEHOLD THY GENTLE EYES.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'.

WHEN I behold thy gentle eyes
I lose my grief and hush my sighs;
But when thy rosy mouth I kiss
My heart is strong and full of bliss.

When I repose upon thy breast
I know the peace of heavenly rest;
But when thy voice thy passion owns
I weep to hear the formal tones.

V.

I HAD A DREAM, AND IN THE AIR.

Dein Angesicht, so lieb und schön.

I HAD a dream, and in the air
I saw thy face serene and fair,
And as an angel's mild and meek;
And wan with pain were brow and cheek.

Thy lips are rose set round with snow;
And soon, death-kist, the rose must go,
And all the light of Heaven displayed
Upon thy gracious eyes must fade.

VI.

LEAN CLOSE THY CHEEK AGAINST MY CHEEK.

Lehn deine Wang' an meine Wang'.

LEAN close thy cheek against my cheek,
That our tears together may blend, love,
And press thy heart upon my heart,
That from both one flame may ascend, love.

And while in that flame thus doubly bright
Our tears are falling and thronging,
And while in my arms I clasp thee tight,
I will die with love and longing.

VII.

I WILL DIP WITH DELIGHT MY FOND SPIRIT.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen.

I WILL dip with delight my fond spirit
In the depths of this lily's white bell,
And the lily shall breathe, that she hear it,
A song of the one I love well.

And the song, with faint perfume, shall quiver
On the tremulous lips of the flower,
Like the kiss I shall carry forever,
That she gave me one rapturous hour.

““



VIII.

THE STARS OF HEAVEN STAND CHANGELESS.

Es stehen unbeweglich.

THE stars of heaven stand changeless
For many thousand years,
And gaze on one another
With all love's blissful fears.

They have one speech among them,
Most rich and full of grace:
Yet none of all the linguists
Its meaning knows to trace.

But I have learned the language,
And speak it evermore,
For I have had for grammar
The face that I adore.



IX.

TO THE GANGES, O'ER VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS.

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.

To the Ganges, o'er valleys and mountains,
On the pinions of song let us soar,
And dwell amid bowers and fountains,
Where sorrow shall trouble no more;

I know there a pleasaunce red-blooming
And wide under moon-silvered skies:
And the lotus, its lakelet perfuming,
Waits long for her sister, and sighs.

There are violets tenderly smiling
To the star-studded heavens above,
And roses the senses beguiling
As they breathe fragrant stories of love.

There the happy leaves rustle and quiver;
The gentle gazelles nimbly bound;

And the waves of the consecrate river
Lull the ear with their murmurous sound.

And there will we rest, with fond kisses,
At the foot of some high-branching palm,
And drink to our fill of love's blisses
In a clime of perennial calm.



X.

THE TENDER LOTUS IS TROUBLED.

Die Lotosblume ängstigt.

THE tender lotus is troubled
By the pomp of the sun's fierce light,
And she bows her head and slumbers
And dreams of the coming night.

The moon is her favored wooer,
And she wakes when he shines on her gloom,
And fondly unveils to his glances
Her holy face of bloom.

She blows and blushes and brightens,
And gazes in silence above,
And sighs and weeps and trembles
For love and the pain of love.



XI.

IN THE WAVES OF THE RHINE, FAIR RIVER.

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome.

IN the waves of the Rhine, fair river,
By the sacred city, Cologne,
Forever play and quiver
The cathedral's spires of stone.

In that minster vast and olden
A sainted picture stands,
And it casts a radiance golden
O'er my life's drear waste of sands.

Midst angels bending lowly
Appears our Lady of Grace,
And all her features holy
Are those of thy gentle face.

XII.

THOU LOV'ST NOT ME, THOU LOV'ST NOT MINE.

Du liebst mich nicht, du liebst mich nicht.

“THOU lov'st not me, thou lov'st not mine” —

These jests do not alarm me,
For I behold that face of thine,
And thou dost only charm me.

“Thou hatest, hatest me and mine” —

Thy rosy lips would fright me;
But let me kiss those lips of thine,
And they will still delight me.

XIII.

O SWEAR NOT, LOVE, BUT ONLY KISS.

O schwöre nicht und küsse nur.

O SWEAR not, love, but only kiss;
I trust no woman's vow at all.
Thy words are sweet, but sweeter is
The little mouth from which they fall.

A kiss is something to believe,
But words are breath, and words deceive.

O swear, my love, that thou art mine!
For in thy simple word I rest!
When on thy bosom I recline
I trust that I am fully blest!
No doubt for me thy heart shall thrill
Forever, and much longer still!

XIV.

ON HER EYES OF VIOLET.

Auf meiner Herzliebsten Äugelein.

ON her eyes of violet
I will make a canzonet;
On her mouth red-ripe and small
I will make a madrigal;
And if she a heart possess
In her coldly heaving breast
I would sing it all day long
In a happy, happy song.

XV.

TELL ME, DEAREST, TELL ME WHETHER.

Liebste, sollst mir heute sagen.

TELL me, dearest, tell me whether
Thou art but a vision fair
Such as, in the summer weather,
Poets fancy in the air.

Nay, a mouth so honey-laden,
Eyes of fire so bright and warm,
Such a sweet and lovely maiden,
Never poet knew to form.

Basilisks and vampires gory,
Monsters vast of every name,
Evil beasts of ancient story,
Issue from the poet's flame.

But thy face so falsely gracious,
And thy form without a heart,
And thy witching eyes fallacious,
Far surpass all poet's art.

XVI.

FAIR AS VENUS BORN OF OCEAN.

Wie die Wellenschaumgeborene.

FAIR as Venus born of ocean
Is the maiden once my pride
As she wanders with devotion
At yon happy stranger's side.

Heart, my heart, though doomed to languish,
Though betrayed and set at nought,
Bear and pardon all the anguish
That the lovely fool has wrought.

XVII.

I DO NOT HATE THEE.

Ich groÙe nicht.

I DO not 'hate thee, though this moan I make;
I will not hate thee, though my heart should break.
Thy brow with pomp of diamonds is bright,
But shines no ray upon thy soul's deep night.

I knew it long. In dreams I saw it all :
I saw the starless darkness on thee fall ;
I saw the serpents gnawing in thy breast ;
And knew that thou should'st nevermore have rest.

XVIII.

YES, THOU ART WRETCHED.

Ja, du bist elend.

YES, thou art wretched, and this moan I make :
My lost, lost love, we both must live in pain :
Till kindly death our stricken hearts shall break,
My love, henceforth we both must live in pain.

I see thy silent lips with scorn comprest ;
I see thine eyes flame out their fierce disdain ;
I see the pride that heaves within thy breast :—
But thou, as I, henceforth must live in pain.

Thy griefs upon thy pale face come and go ;
Thine inward tears thou scarcely canst restrain ;
Thy haughty bosom hides a world of woe :—
My love, henceforth we both must live in pain.

XIX.

THE FLUTE AND THE VIOL RING CHEERY.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen.

THE flute and the viol ring cheery,
And shrill are the trumpet's notes,
And light through her bridal-dance merry
The form of my lost one floats.

I hear the wild uproar and clamor
Of cornet and kettle-drum;
And then, as the tempest grew calmer,
The sobs of good angels come.

XX.

HAST THOU FORGOT THAT I POSSEST THEE.

So hast du ganz und gar vergessen.

HAST thou forgot that I possess thee,
And often to my bosom prest thee,
And swayed thy heart so sweet and false and small
That sweeter, falser, there is none at all?

Hast thou forgot that I possess thee,
And oft with love and pain carest thee?
I know not which was greater, love or pain;
I know that both were great, as both were vain.

XXI.

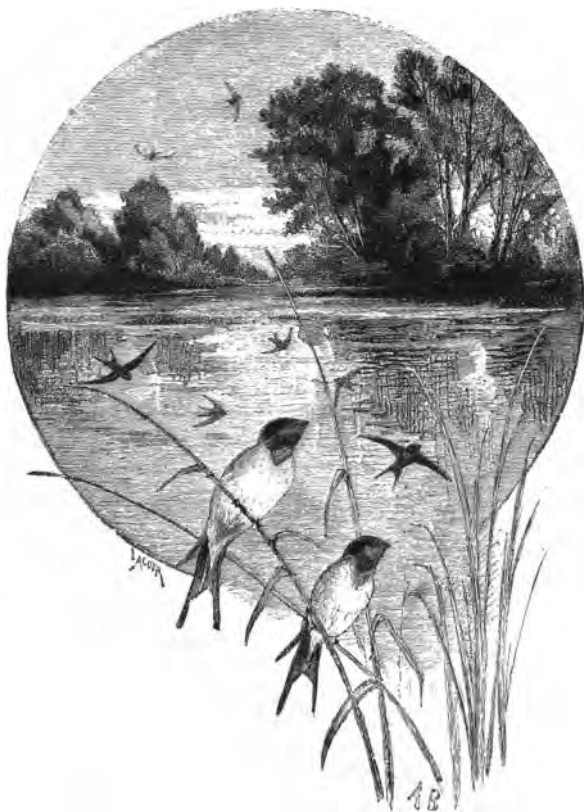
IF KNEW THE LITTLE FLOWERS.

Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen.

If knew the little flowers
How bleeds my wounded heart,
They would weep in balmy showers
To heal me of my smart.

If knew the birds far-flying
The griefs that in me throng,
They would haste to hear my sighing,
And comfort me with song.

If knew the stars of even
The pangs that fill my breast,
They would leave their golden heaven
To tell me of its rest.



These cannot see the anguish;
One only knows my pain;
But 't is she that bade me languish
And rent my heart in twain.

XXII.

WHY THEN ARE THE ROSES SO WAN OF HUE?

Warum find denn die Rosen so blaß?

WHY then are the roses so wan of hue?
My loved one, canst thou tell?
And why in the grass do the violets blue
Give forth no goodly smell?

Why then sings the lark a dirge of death
Among the leaden clouds?
And why is the meadow-balsam's breath
An odor as of shrouds?

Why then is the sun so pale and cold,
And its light but a golden gloom?
And why has the earth grown gray and old,
And dreary as a tomb?

Why then is my heart so torn and tost,
Like a tempest-harried sea?
O, tell me, thou maiden loved and lost
Why thou hast turned from me?

XXIII.

A THOUSAND TALES THEY BORE THEE.

Sie haben dir Viel erzählt.

A THOUSAND tales they bore thee,
And oft of me complained,
But never set before thee
What most my soul has pained.

With noisy tongues they blamed me,
And shook their heads as grieved,
And as a wretch defamed me,
And thou hast all believed.

Yet far the saddest folly
They never have revealed;
The saddest and the maddest
Is in my heart concealed.



XXIV.

THE NIGHTINGALE SANG AND
THE LINDEN BLOOMED.

Die Linde blühte, die Nachtigall sang.

THE nightingale sang and the linden
bloomed,
And the sun smiled kind as an angel
blest,
And she gave me a kiss with her breath
perfumed,
And she strained me close to her heav-
ing breast.

The raven croaked hoarse and the brown
leaves fell,
And the sun sent forth but a sickly shade,
And we said to each other a cold farewell,
And a courtesy stately and courtly she made.

XXV.

WE HAVE FELT WITH EACH OTHER LOVE'S FONDEST
DELIGHT.

Wir haben Biel für einander gefüßt.

WE have felt with each other love's fondest delight,
And yet most discreetly ourselves we have carried:
No one ever knew us to scratch or to fight,
Though at Husband and Wife we have played, as if married;
And often with glee we have shouted and laughed,
And the sweet cup of kisses together have quaffed.
At last in our childish diversion we came
To playing Go Seek in the wood and the glen,
And we managed to hide us so well in the game
That we never shall find one another again.

XXVI.

THOU LONG WAST TRUE, I HEAR THEE CRYING.

Du bleibest mir treu am längsten.

THOU long wast true, I hear thee crying:
My name thou hast defended
When I was all unfriended,
And comforted my pain and sighing.

The daily bread I ate thou boughtest,
Thy money thou didst lend me,
My passport thou didst send me,
The very shirt I wore thou wroughtest.

My love, for this may God well guard thee
From heat and cold forever;
And may His justice never
Thy many goodnesses reward thee.

XXVII.

LONG TIME THE EARTH WITHHELD HER TREASURES.

Die Erde war so lange geizig.

LONG time the earth withheld her treasures;
But May brought wealth to field and table,
And all men laughed with new-born pleasures,
While I to smile was all unable.

Though flowers sprang fresh each dewy morrow,
Though birds spake out as in some fable,
Naught pleased my soul, for cruel sorrow
Had wrapt me in her mantle sable.

I shun the whole wide race of Adam;
I cannot bear the world's loud babel:—
And all because they call thee Madam,
O woman lovely as unstable.



XXVIII.

HER GENTLE EYES ARE VIOLETS BLUE.

Die blauen Beilchen der Augelein.

HER gentle eyes are violets blue,
Her cheeks red roses washed with dew,
Her hands white lilies opened new:
These bloom and bloom from year to year, —
Her heart alone is old and sere.

XXIX.

THE SKY IS BLUE AND THE EARTH IS FAIR.

Die Welt ist so schön und der Himmel so blau.

THE sky is blue and the earth is fair,
And softly breathes the summer air,
And fields are pied with blossoms rare,
And morning dew-drops glint and glare,
And men are joyous everywhere;
Yet would we might leave sweet world and sweet weather
And lie in one grave close nestled together.

XXX.

AT LENGTH, SWEET LOVE, THE DARKSOME TOMB.

Mein süßes Lieb, wenn du im Grab.

AT length, sweet love, the darksome tomb
From other eyes shall hide thee,
And I will seek thee in the gloom,
And nestle close beside thee.

And I will joy to kiss thy face,
And tremble while I press thee,
And weep with thee in my embrace,
And die, and thus possess thee.

The dead may hear the midnight call,
And dance on sward and heather,
But we beneath our grassy pall
Will slumber on together.

The dead shall hear the trumpet sound,
And rise to joy or sorrow ;
But oh, to clasp thee in the ground
Through night without a morrow !



XXXI.

A PINE TREE IS STANDING LONELY.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam.

A PINE tree is standing lonely
In the North on a barren height:
It sleeps; and its boughs the snow-drifts
Enfold in robes of white.

It dreams there of a palm tree
That afar in an Eastern land
Alone and in silence sorrows
On a burning waste of sand.

XXXII.

AH, IF I BUT THE FOOTSTOOL WERE.

Ah, wenn ich nur der Schemel wär'.

(The head speaks.)

AH, if I but the footstool were
Whereon her small feet daily rest,
I never would complain to her,
However hard I might be prest.

(The heart speaks.)

Ah, if I but the cushion were
Wherein her pins and needles sleep,
I would but joy the more of her
If she should pierce me oft and deep.

(The song speaks.)

Ah, if I but the paper were
Wherein she curls her silken hair,
Then would I nestle close to her
And whisper all the love I bear.

XXXIII.

SINCE MY LOVE NOW LOVES ME NOT.

Seit die Liebste war entfernt.

SINCE my love now loves me not,
How to laugh I have forgot;
Jests no more my griefs beguile,
For I cannot, cannot smile.

Since my love now loves me not,
How to weep I have forgot;
Broken is my heart with woe,
But my tears refuse to flow.

XXXIV.

FROM PAIN, WHEREIN I LANGUISH.

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen.

FROM pain, wherein I languish,
My little songs I utter,
And their rustling wings they flutter
And bear her my tale of anguish.

They find her heart, but stay not:
They come again with sighing,
They come again with crying;
Yet what they have seen they say not.



XXXV.

THE SUNDAY CROWD IS POURING.

Philister in Sonntagsröcklein.

THE Sunday crowd is pouring,
Gay dressed, through woods and fields,
With leaps and shouts exploring
The charms fair Nature yields,

With eyes of owls wise-blinking
At all romantic things,
With ears of asses drinking
The song the sparrow sings.

But I my room will darken,
And shut me from the noise,
And in the gloom will hearken
A haunting spirit-voice.

For thus in fancy often
My love of other years
Comes back my heart to soften
With her repentant tears.



XXXVI.

THE FORMS OF TIMES FORGOTTEN.

Manch Bild vergessener Zeiten.

THE forms of times forgotten
From out their grave arise,
And show how once I sorrowed
Before thy cruel eyes.

By day I tottered dreaming
Along this busy street,
Whose people paused in wonder
So sad a man to meet.

By night my case was better,
For then the ways were clear,
While with my faithful shadow
I walked in silence here.

Across the bridge I sauntered;
My footsteps echoed loud;
And solemnly the moonbeams
Looked down through broken cloud.

I stood before thy dwelling,
And gazed and gazed above,
And saw thy frowning window
In pain of hopeless love.

I know that thou hast often
Looked out through moonlight fair,
And seen me silent standing,
A statue of despair.



XXXVII.

A YOUTH ONCE LOVED A MAIDEN.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen.

A YOUTH once loved a maiden
Who for another sighed,
That other loved another,
And she became his bride.

The maiden wed in anger
The very first kind beau
Who met her with an offer,
And left the youth in woe.

It is an ancient story,
And yet forever new;
And always when this happens
A heart is torn in two.

XXXVIII.

I PRAY THEE DO NOT SING ME.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen.

I PRAY thee do not sing me
That old familiar strain;
The songs she used to carol bring me
But memories of pain.

And filled with gloomy yearning,
I seek the forest deep,
And find, while tears fall thick and burning,
The peace of them that weep.

XXXIX.

ON MY DREAMS ONCE SMILED A KING'S FAIR CHILD.

Nir träumte von einem Königskind.

ON my dreams once smiled a king's fair child,
With features sad and pallid,
And she heard my vows 'neath the linden boughs,
Where in love's delight we dallied.

"I would not own thy father's throne,
Nor the sceptred gold before him,
Nor the stones that gem his diadem;
But for thee I shall implore him."

"It may not be," she answered me,
"For I lie in the graveyard lonely;
But at night I am free, and will come to thee,
For I love thee, love thee only."

XL.

O'ER THE STREAM THE MOONLIGHT GLOATED.

Mein Liebchen, wir saßen beisammen.

O'ER the stream the moonlight gloated,
And down past bank and bray
In our boat well-pleased we floated
Afar on our watery way.

The isles of the blest before us
Lay dim in the pale moon's glance,
And we heard a happy chorus,
And we saw faint mist-forms dance.

And the strains grew sweet and sweeter,
And the mists more fair and glad;
But we left them, sailing fleeter,
For this ocean, wide and sad.

XII.

FROM THE LEGENDS OF TIMES LONG BEFORE US.

Aus alten Märchen winnt es.

FROM the legends of times long before us
There beckons a pale spectral hand,
And there floats on the air a soft chorus,
The sounds of a magical land,

Where flowers stand vast in the splendor
That flushes the evening-tide,
And yearn with an aspect as tender
As the mild-beaming face of a bride,

Where the trees of the vales and the mountains,
Like a holy choir, solemnly sing,
And the chimes of a myriad fountains
Like the notes of a merry waltz ring,

Where the love-songs breathe only of pleasure,
And are sweet as thou never hast heard,
Till with longings divine beyond measure
The heart is enraptured and stirred.

Then oh, for that bright land of story,
And oh, for its cheer and its rest,
Where all darkness is turned into glory,
And the soul with full freedom is blest.

Ah, land without sighing and sorrow,
In my dreams through thy scenes I oft roam;
But alas, with the dawn of each morrow
The vision dissolves like the foam.

XLII.

YES, I HAVE LOVED THEE, AND I LOVE THEE STILL.

Ich hab' dich geliebet und liebe dich noch.

YES, I have loved thee, and I love thee still;
And when the worlds shall end with wild commotion,
Above the waste of wreck and ruin will
Arise and shine the flame of my devotion.



XLIII.

I STRAY THROUGH THE BLOOMY GARDEN.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen.

I STRAY through the bloomy garden
In the glow of the morning clear,
And the flowers begin to whisper,
And I lightly tread, and hear.

The flowers begin to whisper,
And my face with pity scan:
"Be not unkind to our sister,
Thou pale and sorrowing man."

XLIV.

MY LOVE, IN ITS GLOOM AND ITS GLORY.

Es leuchtet meine Liebe.

My love, in its gloom and its glory,
So dark now, though once 't was so bright,
Resembles a wild fairy story
Which I heard on a soft summer night.

“In a park that magicians had planted
Two lovers at evening time strayed,
And round them the nightingales chanted
And the light of the full moon played.

“The knight to the maiden was kneeling,
Who stood like a statue to hear,
When towards them a giant came reeling,
And she fled from the monster in fear.

“The knight sank down dying and gory,
The giant reeled back to his cave,” —
The end of this tragical story
Will appear when I lie in the grave.

XLV.

THEY WRUNG ME WITH THEIR TORTURE.

Sie haben mich gequälet.

THEY wrung me with their torture
Till I was black and white;
Some did it with their loving,
Some did it with their spite.

And all I drank they poisoned,
And poisoned all I ate;
Some did it with their loving,
Some did it with their hate.

But she who most has aided
To make my torment great,
Did never, never love me,
Nor did she ever hate.

XLVI.

THE ROSY GLOW OF SUMMER.

Es liegt der heiße Sommer.

THE rosy glow of summer
Is on thy dimpled cheek,
While in thy heart the winter
Is lying cold and bleak.

But this will change hereafter,
When years have done their part,
And on thy cheek be winter,
And summer in thy heart.

XLVII.

HOW OFT WHEN TWO ARE PARTING

Wenn Zwei von einander scheiden.

How oft when two are parting
Their hands are tightly prest,
And tears of grief are starting,
And sighs oppress the breast.

But we more lightly parted:
 No word of woe was heard,
 Nor wept we broken-hearted;—
 All that came afterward.

XLVIII.

THEY SAY THAT MY SONGS ARE POISONED.



Bergiftet sind meine Lieder.

THEY say that my songs are poisoned—
 How could it otherwise be?
 On the bloom of my life thou pourest
 The venom that wells in thee.

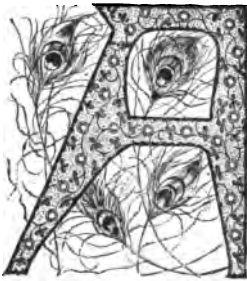
They say that my songs are poisoned—
 How could it otherwise be?
 I bear in my heart many serpents,
 And thee, beloved, thee.



XLIX.

AGAIN I DREAM THE OLDEN DREAM

Mir träumte wieder der alte Traum.



AGAIN I 'dream the olden dream;
We sit the May-boughs under,
And hotly vow to love as now
Till death our true hearts sun-
der.

She kist me twice, she kist me thrice,
And then, before she quit me,
That she might not be soon forgot,
She took my hand and bit me.

O love with eyes like clearest skies,
Why mar the bliss of plighting?
With words so meet and lips so sweet,
There was no need of biting.

L.

I STAND UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

Ich steh' auf des Berges Spitze.

I STAND upon the mountain,
And weave romantic rhymes,
And for a bird's light pinions
I sigh a thousand times.

Oh, were I a silken swallow,
I would build my little nest
Beneath thy chamber window,
And near thee ever rest.

Oh, were I a downy throstle,
I would seek thy linden tree,
And from its verdant bowers
Sing all my songs to thee.

Oh, were I a silvery sea-gull,
I would fly to thy gentle heart,—
For I have seen how tender
To a certain gull thou art.



L.I.

MY CARRIAGE IS ROLLING SLOWLY.

Mein Wagen rollet langsam.

My carriage is rolling slowly,
In the glory of the day,
Through vales of thick-strewn flowers,
And forests green with May.

I muse in dreamy rapture
Of the maid of maids most dear,
When in at the carriage window
Three shapes of shadow peer.

With frisks and wild grimaces,
Most scornful and yet most shy,
They swirl like mists together,
And leer, and hurry by.

LII.

EACH NIGHT I SEE THY FEATURES SWEET.

Ähnlich im Traume seh' ich dich.

EACH night I see thy features sweet;
Thou smil'st when I am sleeping;
And in my dreams before thy feet
I cast me, loudly weeping.

Thou look'st on me with pitying grace,
And shak'st thy golden tresses,
While many a tear-drop down thy face
In pearly lustre presses.

A cypress wreath thou giv'st to me,
With accents low and broken:—
I wake; and lo, no wreath I see,
Nor know what thou hast spoken.



LIII.

'TIS DARK; AND THE RAINS ARE POURING.

Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen.

'Tis dark; and the rains are pouring;
And the autumn winds are wild;
And where, mid the rush and roaring,
Is my poor unhappy child?

In her lonely room I see her;
At the window leans her form;
And through tears—for hopes all flee her—
She gazes on night and storm.

LIV.

'TIS A FROSTY NIGHT OF AUTUMN.

Der Herbstwind rüttelt die Bäume.

'TIS a frosty night of autumn,
And the winds in the tree-tops moan;
And wrapt in my good gray mantle,
I ride through the wood alone.

And fast though I ride, my fancies,
More nimble, ride on before,
And bear me, light and airy,
At once to my loved one's door.

The dogs they bark; and the servants
Bear torches that round me glare;
And my spurs they clank and clatter
As I storm the winding stair.

In her warm and tufted chamber,
That is bright with the taper's blush,
There fair and fragrant waits she,
And into her arms I rush.

And the winds in the brown leaves bluster,
And whispers the old oak tree :
"What wilt thou, O foolish rider,
With thy foolish reverie?"

LV.

A STAR TO EARTH IS FALLING.

Es fällt ein Stern herunter.

A STAR to earth is falling
From its shining home on high
It is the love-star yonder
That quits the glittering sky.

The leaves and flowers are falling
From the hoary apple tree,
And the tricky breezes drive them
Across the yellow lea.

A swan in the lake is singing
As he rows to and fro,
And oft he dips, as he murmurs,
In his liquid grave below.

The night grows still and darksome;
The blossoms have blown away;
The star has shimmered to ashes;
The swan has ended his lay.

LVI.

THE DREAM-GOD BROUGHT ME TO A CASTLE VAST.

Der Traumgott bracht' mich in ein Riesenſchloß.

THE dream-god brought me to a castle vast,
Where heavy perfumes breathed and lights were glowing;
There endless billows of much people passed,
Through winding labyrinths of chambers flowing;
Who sought to leave the pile, with looks aghast,
And wrung their hands, and wept, as they were going.
I marked both knights and maidens in the throng,
And I myself was with it swept along.

And suddenly I was alone, for lo,
The rest had in a moment all departed.
Then I would 'scape at once that place of woe,
And through the strangely-winding chambers started.



My haste seemed vain ; the course I did not know,
And forward searched, with leaden feet, faint-hearted.
At last I found the door, and sought to flee ;
But heavens ! what form stood there confronting me !

It was my loved one that forbade my way ;
With grief and care on brow and lip she saw me ;
And when her hand made sign for me to stay,
I knew not whether 't was to scorn or awe me.
Yet from her eyes there broke a gentle ray
That had strange power to stir and draw me.
And while her moveless gaze thus pierced me deep,
Severe, yet tender, it dispelled my sleep.

LVII.

THE MIDNIGHT CAME ; THE WINDS WERE STILL.

Die Mitternacht war kalt und stumm.

THE midnight came ; the winds were still ;
And sad of heart I walked the forest chill ;
And at my woe the slumbrous trees did waken,
And all their heads with grief were stirred and shaken.

LVIII.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS THEY BURIED.¹

Am Kreuzweg wird begraben.

At the cross-roads they buried
The wretched "suicide;
And there grew a blue flower,
The poor-sinner-flower.

At the cross-roads I stood sighing;
The night was chill and still;
And slowly in the moonlight moved
The poor-sinner-flower.

It is impossible adequately to translate these wonderful stanzas in metrical form, and hence I have given a prosaic and almost literal rendering. The poem was designed to suggest two views of suicide: one is brought before us in the burial, according to mediæval law, at the cross-roads, afar from holy ground, and where the grave was exposed to the contempt of men; by the night-visit to this scene of horror; and by the chill and silence of the air; while the other is presented in the poor-sinner-flower growing near the resting-place of the outcast, and moving in the moonlight as with compassion and hope.

LIX.

ROUND ME MIST AND MIDNIGHT DREARY.

Wo ich bin, mich rings umdunkelt.

ROUND me mist and midnight dreary
Dim the earth and veil the skies,
Since thou hast withdrawn the cheery
Lustre of thy loving eyes.

Naught can now, sweet stars, restore me
Your serene and holy light:
Gulfs of darkness yawn before me; —
Take me, thou primeval night!

LX.

NIGHT LAY UPON MINE EYELIDS.

Nacht lag auf meinen Augen.

NIGHT lay upon mine eyelids,
And on my mouth was lead,
And in the grave I found me
Benumbed in heart and head.

And if my sleep had lasted
Long time, I could not tell,
When I was waked by some one
Who knocked upon my cell.

"Wilt thou not rise, my Heinrich?
The Judgment Day is here;
The dead are all arisen;
Eternal joy is near."

I cannot rise, thou dearest;
Mine eyes are veiled in night;
Mine eyes for very weeping
Have wholly lost their sight.

"But I will kiss them, Heinrich,
And then the night will flee,
And Heaven shall shine before thee,
And angels thou shalt see."

I cannot rise, thou dearest,
My heart is bleeding so
Where thy sweet lips did stab it
With one sharp word of woe.



"My hand so softly, Heinrich,
Shall touch thy wounded heart,
That it shall bleed no longer,
Nor feel again the smart."

I cannot rise, thou dearest
My head is bleeding sore
Where once the bullet entered,
When thou wert mine no more.

"But with my tresses, Heinrich,
I know to bind thy head,
And staunch the flowing blood-stream
Where flew the cruel lead."

Thus sweet did she entreat me;
I could not say her nay;
I sought to struggle upward
And pass with her away.

Then all my wounds broke open,
And straight a wilder stream
Burst forth from head and bosom;—
And lo! it was a dream.

LXI.

THE OLD AND EVIL NUMBERS.

Die alten, bösen Lieder.

THE old and evil numbers,
The dreams of grief and wrong,
Come now and let us bury
In a coffin wide and long.

And they are far too many
To tell them every one,
And it must be much greater
Than the Heidelbergers' tun.

A mourning-bier beneath it
Of stoutest timbers fetch,
And further than the long bridge
Of Mayence it must stretch.

And call me here twelve giants
With limbs more brawny grown
Than Christopher's the holy,
Whose dust is in Cologne.

And these shall take and sink it
Beneath the ocean wave;
For such a mighty coffin
Must have a mighty grave.

And wouldst thou know the reason
So vast it must be made?
To hold my love and sorrow
Together in it laid.

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